Supernatural, Sam/Lucifer, "Drop the dagger and lather the blood on your hands, Romeo."

PG, and the first paragraph is totally stolen from 4x01, imagery-wise and if I had fan-artists I could elbow into drawing it I would. But anyhoo. I like the pairing and there'll probably be more written for it later beyond what I've already promised

to **aeon_entwined**.

Nov. 24th, 2010 10:29 am (UTC)

Lucifer pulls the dagger from his chest with a slow, showy gesture. Blood wells up at the wound and drips down his shirt as he turns the blade over in his hands and holds it out to Sam, hilt first.

Sam takes it with shaky hands and wonders why Dean didn't jerk awake at Sam's initial shout, but he can't take his eyes off of the Devil standing over his bed.

Lucifer's eyes are bright in the darkness, and Sam can see the stain on his shirt that isn't spreading, as the wound has already healed, and he wonders if he is dreaming.

Lucifer chuckles quietly and touches Sam's cheek, touch gentle. "There are few weapons that could hurt me, and if you had one I might be forced to harm you. I don't want to hurt you, Sam."

It's not 'I won't hurt you, Sam'. It's *not* and so Sam doesn't drop the knife, useless as it is against Lucifer.

Lucifer rubs his thumb over Sam's cheek, and Sam wonders why he hasn't said anything, hasn't jerked back or done anything beyond his initial panic.

He's tired. He thinks it's a dream.

Lucifer kissing him convinces him that it's a dream, one that goes for too long and Sam can see how bright Lucifer's eyes are when he pulls back.

When Lucifer removes his hand from Sam's cheek, reality reorients himself as Sam finds himself lying down, waking up out of a dream.

Dean's sleeping in the next bed. It's quiet, in the motel room.

But when Sam sits up again he finds that his knife is in his hand and it is red with blood.